

# NO ALUM in Dr. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

## The Strange Story of White Flour.

By Rutledge Rutherford in the New York Sun.

Nearly a hundred years ago an epicurean faddist of London Hugh Paddington decided to have a novel dinner. Its dominant characteristic was to be the color scheme. White was fashionable then. Paddington determined to have all the foods at the dinner of a color quite different from their natural hue, with a leaning toward white. To match the whiteness of the tablecloth he would have the bread white. He called a Hungarian miller into conference and ordered flour ground especially for the occasion.

Such a thing never had been heard of before—a perfectly white flour. Produced from the ground grain of the wheat flour naturally took on the commingled colors of the grain and therefore was dark. But Paddington wanted it white—snow white.

It was a hard task for the miller, but after many efforts he succeeded in producing the desired results by selecting only the white, lifeless, starchy portions of the grain and discarding all others. This being accomplished, the epicure was delighted. The rest of the color scheme was easy. As he had expected, his dinner proved the novelty of the day, and the bread was a tremendous hit.

That was the first white bread ever eaten in the history of the world. As the wheat grain was dark, so bread had been dark from the days of Abraham. To produce white bread would have been considered impossible unless a white grain could be grown. But the Hungarian miller's ingenuity succeeded in bringing forth a white flour from a yellow grain. By making the flour from the starch cells extracted from the endosperm of the wheat he obtained a bread-stuff that was of the color and nearly the consistency of powdered chalk.

The white bread fad, as it was then called, spread like wildfire. All the smart set of London took it up and soon the bread made its appearance on the tables of the ultra fashionable all over England. No one liked it so well as the old fashioned blood and bone producing bread. But people often sacrifice very much of taste and health for fashion's sake. That was the way it was with white bread. It didn't taste so good and it wasn't so satisfying as the old time bread. But it looked pretty, the white slices on the white tablecloth, and no other kind of bread was permitted at dinner in stylish London. Flour mills had to be overhauled and reconstructed. New machinery had to be installed with equipment especially adapted for making flour from the starch cells of the wheat grain.

Now the main element of nutrition in wheat is gluten, and gluten is dark. The least nutritive part of wheat is starch, and starch is white. It follows, therefore, that the darker the flour, within reasonable limits of course, the more gluten it contains and the more nutritious it is; and the whiter the flour the less gluten it contains and the less nutritious it is. The white flour contains a super-abundance of starch. When you buy white flour you pay your money for starch. When you buy dark flour—by dark flour is meant flour of a rich creamy color—you

pay your money for nutriment. But to go on with the story of white flour:

England was looked up to a great deal in those days. It was becoming to vie with France as a fountain source of fashions. So from there the white bread fad proceeded to make its way into other lands, always the fashionable circles taking it up first and the other people following. And everywhere it went there trailed in its wake the loosening of teeth, the shattering of nerves and the devitalizing of blood.

Epicurism is a dangerous thing in any shape, in any mood. But rarely has any phase of it brought about such widespread disaster as this white bread fad. It might be supposed that the masses would have had more sense than to imitate the rich in such a whim. Usually they have proved themselves immune to such influences. But the case of white bread was an exception to the rule, at least in most of the civilized nations.

The German peasantry, be it said to their credit, are still holding to the old invigorating black bread made of rye. And Germany has been making mighty progress. Russia took to the white bread fad unhesitatingly and there they have carried the idea to many other foods. But the hale representatives of the agrarian classes till eat their old time dark bread. The Russian aristocracy carried the white meats. They took to white wine even before the white bread. The white meats are served with a snow white sauce called smetana.

And France, too, went wild over the white bread craze. All adopted the white bread habit, and and there, also, the mills had to be reconstructed to adopt them to the new form of flour manufacture.

But nowhere has the white bread habit made greater headway than in America. When the American woman once set her eye on the white loaf it was her undoing. Never was the housewife of any land won over to anything more completely.

But at first the white loaf in America was not so bad. It was not so white as now, but more of a creamy color. Its crumb was elastic and of a sweet, nutty flavor. It had not been robbed of its nutriment. Only the husk and the germ of the wheat had been removed in the milling. The bread was yet rich in gluten.

And the American housewife was not to be satisfied with this. The idea of the white loaf seemed to grow on her and to captivate her. She wanted the flour as white as possible and ground as fine as possible. No other standard of excellency she knew. No other she asked to know. "Grind it fine and make it white," was the command the miller received. No matter how unhealthful the flour might be, no matter how little nutriment it might contain, the miller had no alternative except to obey these orders. When he did not obey them his work was all for nothing. There was no sale for his flour.

The American woman is not an extremist. Rather conservative is she, a lover of moderation in everything. But there are exceptions to all rules, they say, and in this matter of the white flour craze she certainly went the limit. When the miller had flour—by dark flour is meant flour of a rich creamy color—you

all the starch in the wheat had been exhausted, he had to turn to other sources to supply the demand for starch, but still the housewife was not satisfied. Finally the miller was forced to resort to chemical bleaching. This came near destroying what little life was left in the flour, and introduced a chemical substance which made it all the more harmful.

Recognizing the harm of the bleached flour a strong effort was made to the prohibit it, but the millers liked it because it enabled them to use up all the mouldy and bad wheat that otherwise would have to be thrown away. By the bleaching process any kind of wheat may be converted into white flour. So, as the people wanted it and the millers wanted it, there was nothing to do but to let the business go on, and that is why most of the flour on the market today is of tombstone whiteness.

The demand for finely ground flour has kept pace with that for whiteness. It has forced the miller to such extremes that he is now actually sifting the flour through layers of silk, making a product so fleecy that the expression "fine as dust" was long ago rendered useless in trying to describe it. And still, if we can believe what the millers say, the American woman is asking that the flour be made finer and whiter.

America leads the world in the consumption of white flour now-a-days, and it leads the world also in dental and nervous affliction. Americans used to be a very robust, hardy people, with wonderful capacity for endurance. They were rosy of cheek and brawny of build and faced all obstacles fearlessly and resolutely. Then England set them eating that white bread, and their cheeks turned pale, their teeth grew soft and their nerves become unsound.

Nowhere has the dental business grown so rapidly as in America. The great amount of practice the dentists have obtained in working on the softened teeth of Americans have made them very expert. The American dentists and dental colleges now lead the world in number and skill. Almost as much might be said of American nerve specialists and institutions for treating nervous ailments. These facts are significant.

Nearly all the mills of America have been forced to change their methods that they might grind out the substance of the wheat and market only the starchy part. In this day there is almost no sale for the old fashioned bread that fed our hardy forefathers. Housewives won't have it when it won't match the tablecloth.

In bygone days our flour was made of the entire wheat grain, excepting the outer husk or bran. Such was the flour of Biblical days. Such was the flour that was very generally used until the time of the eventful white bread dinner in London.

## Dance Notice.

A dance will be given in Turner's Hall Wednesday night, March 17. Music by Day's Orchestra. A good time is assured. Come.

Frank Kriehn, Jr., returned to his home in Kansas City Wednesday night after a visit here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kriehn, Sr.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Mrs. George Carter and little daughter, Virginia, returned to their home in Windsor, Mo., yesterday after a visit here with her sister, Mrs. J. E. Marshall.

E. M. Taubman went to Kansas City yesterday to spend the day.

## BY ONE MAJORITY

By ELIZABETH SCHOEN COBB.

"You think you will not win, Ransom?"

"I fear not, Lucy. I presume that both my political rivals and myself have personally visited every voter in the county. Counting noses, the contest will be very close. The dubious element includes some hard-headed old farmers, who refuse to pledge themselves one way or the other."

Pretty, ambitious Lucy Farwell sighed. Outside of being a matter of pride, the election of her handsome, popular husband as district clerk meant \$1,200 added yearly to his earnings as an attorney.

This was the crucial day for the candidates, and Ransom Farwell arose from the breakfast table brisk and ready for the burdens and turmoil of the hour. A sudden gleam of anxiety came into the eyes of Lucy as she kissed her husband good-by. She gazed earnestly, almost entreatingly, into his eyes.

"Dear," she said gently, tremulously, "if you should not win?"

"Oh, the fortune of battle!" replied Ransom, with affected lightness.

"You would—would not become discouraged, like—like when we lost that eight hundred dollars?"

"You poor, anxious soul!" cried Ransom, folding her in a close embrace. "You are trying to ask me if I will take to drink if I am disappointed in this election? That will never come, don't fear," he added gravely. "I don't know but what the loss of our little nest egg was a good thing, after all. At any rate, it was my fault, Lucy—and punishment."

"Oh, Ransom!"

"It is true, Lucy. I never told you until now, but I was to blame. I was drinking then, and I gave Luke Barrett drink. Perhaps that very act led him to break into the house here three months since and steal and dis-



There Was Something in the Forlorn Condition of the Man That Excited Her Pity.

appear with our little treasured hoard. When I came to think it all over, I vowed never to touch a drop of strong drink again—and I never will!"

"Bless you, Ransom, bless you!" sobbed Lucy amid her deep gladness of soul. "The lost money, the result of the election, success or not, are nothing to your noble resolve. If you win, I shall be glad and proud. If you lose, you have the consciousness of having made a clean honest campaign, and am I not still your true and loving little wife?"

"The best in the world!" declared Ransom heartily, and went out to the barn to hitch up the horse and buggy for his last day of electioneering. Just as Ransom was leading the horse out of his stall there was a rustling movement overhead. Then some hay dust sifted down upon him through the cracks in the flooring.

This was suspicious, for the old loft had not been used for over a year. Hay was bought by the bale and horse feed by the bushel. Ransom went hurriedly up the stairs, strained his eyes to see clearly in the dim light, and made out the slinking figure of a man.

"Hey! what are you doing there, and who are you?" he challenged sharply. Then he peered closer. His face hardened. He clenched his fists, his eyes all but glaring. He could scarcely keep from springing upon the intruder.

"You—you, Luke Barrett!" he choked out.

"Yes, what's left of me!" came the desperate response. "You feel like killing me, I suppose? Do it. I'll be glad!"

Ransom with a mighty effort controlled himself. A more wretched looking object than the interloper he had never seen. He was ragged and gaunt. Drink had brought him to this—drink to which he, Ransom Farwell, had once been a devotee. He thought of his redemption, his sweet loving wife, his bright prospects, and relented. Of course Luke had long since squandered the stolen money. His condition showed bitter poverty.

"Come with me," said Ransom simply, and led the way to the house. His wife stared, shuddered. "Lucy," he added, "give our old friend Luke

a good breakfast. There's an old suit of mine that might fit him, too."

"You'll—you'll be glad for this!" was all Luke Barrett said. Ransom drove off. His wife timorously waited on the unexpected, almost unwelcome guest. There was something in the forlorn condition of the man, however, in the ravenous way in which he devoured the food she set before him that excited her pity.

"Bless you!" said Luke Barrett brokenly, as he completed the meal. Then he appeared like a being rejuvenated after a bath and arrayed in a clean suit of clothes.

"I want to do something for you, Mrs. Farwell," he said humbly.

"If you have not lost your vote by being away—" she began.

"I have not, unless you people have made a criminal charge against me," said Luke.

"That we have not done," assured Mrs. Farwell. "Your vote will help my husband."

"Then I will go to the polling place at once," said Luke.

He came back in about an hour. Then he set at work cutting some wood and cleaning up the yard. The feelings of Mrs. Farwell began to soften towards him. He seemed contrite and anxious to make amends for his past misdeeds. At noon she got him a lunch and he pottered around at various odd jobs until sundown.

"I have a little business with your husband, Mrs. Farwell," said Luke, "and I'll wait till he comes home, if you don't object."

"Not at all," replied Lucy brightly. "But Ransom probably will not be home very early, so we will have our supper now."

Lucy could not eat, she was so anxious to learn the result of the election. She sprang up from the table, all excitement and suspense, as there was a clatter of horse's hoofs in the yard outside. She rushed to the door. A cheery whistle rang out.

"Oh, that means good news!" she cried hopefully.

"Who got it?" palpitated the eager Lucy.

"I am elected," announced her husband proudly.

"Oh, I am so glad!"

"By one majority."

"By one majority!" repeated Lucy.

"Yes, a narrow shave for me, but I'm in safe and sound."

He advanced to the table and brought his hand down with a resounding slap on Luke Barrett's shoulder. "And here, Lucy," cried Ransom, "is the vote that carried the day for me—"

"Oh, it can't be true!" cried Luke, tears of joy rising to his eyes.

"It is, old fellow," declared Ransom heartily. "Shake!" you've squared all the past, forgotten and forgiven, Luke Barrett, this glorious day!"

"Not quite," dissented Luke, drawing something from his pocket. "That is yours."

In amazement Ransom and Lucy stared at a little pocket book. It was covered with dust. Its edges were mildewed. Its covers were rat-mibled.

"Why," exclaimed Ransom, inspecting its contents, "the whole eight hundred dollars is here! You didn't spend any of it!"

"I never took it away with me," said Luke. "I was dulled with drink when I broke into your house and stole the money. In my dazed condition I must have gone up into the barn loft. I went to sleep. In the night I wandered off. The next morning ten miles from here, I missed the money and fancied I had lost it along the road. I was ashamed to come back, and I've led a life of worry and starvation. Yesterday, in the city, fumbling in a fob pocket, hoping to find a stray dime to get a bite to eat, I fished out a pinch of hay seed. In a flash I seemed to vaguely recall that night in the loft I had put the money under my head, thinking it was a pillow. I came back this morning and found it. I was desperate and had about decided to make off with it, when your kindness—the kindness of your dear wife broke me all up, and I'm a changed man."

"Luke Barrett," spoke Ransom Farwell, grasping the hand of his welcome guest, "there's an application for an assistant in the position I have been elected to. I have faith in you, and you are appointed. Let the three of us start out in this new hopeful life—together!"

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

**Domestic Disturbance.**  
The trouble began with a tea fight. The milk was sour, the cake cut up, and the sugar fell out with the tongs. The spoons clashed and the table groaned. The fringes on the dollies snarled, and the crackers snapped. The sofa and easy chairs were soon up in arms, and even the clocks did not agree, but were at sixes and sevens. Small wonder that the doors were unhung!

Things were no better in the kitchen. The pitchers were all set by the ears and stuck out their lips, while the teapot and kettle poked their noses into everything. The range was red hot, which made the saucepan look black and finally boil over. The bells started jangling, all the pickles and preserves in the cupboard were jarred, and there were any number of scraps in the refrigerator and meat safe. Naturally, when the mistress of the house reached the scene of disorder the cook was put out.—Judge.

**Sea Dogs.**

Alice (returned from abroad)—The captain told me they had a dog watch on every ship.

Betty—Gracious! I shouldn't think they'd be afraid of burglars at sea.

Rev. Sam Frank Taylor, D. D., one of the prominent ministers of the Baptist Church, will occupy the pulpit of that church in our city next Sunday at both services. A cordial invitation is extended to all to be present. The members of the Baptist Church are urgently requested to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Hoffman, Jr., went to Sedalia yesterday to spend the day.

M. H. Shorter went to Wellington yesterday morning to spend the day.

Mrs. Z. A. Keith and Mrs. Paul Frischer returned Wednesday evening from a visit in Odessa.

Mrs. E. C. Keyton returned Wednesday evening from a visit in Marshall.

Misses Clella and Elma Brooks went to Kansas City yesterday for a few days' visit.

## PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of the Probate Court of Lafayette County, Missouri, made on the 11th day of March, 1915, the undersigned, Public Administrator in and for said County, has taken charge of the Estate of Howard Spillard, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to me for allowance within six months after the date of said order or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate, and if said claims be not exhibited within one year from the date of the last insertion of this publication they will be forever barred.

Given under my hand this 11th day of March, 1915.

HENRY C. CHILES,  
Public Administrator.

3-12-x5

## EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that letters testamentary on the estate of Frances C. Rinehart deceased, were granted to the undersigned on the 10th day of March, 1915, by the Probate Court of Lafayette County, Missouri. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the undersigned within six months after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within one year from the date of the last insertion of this publication they will be forever barred.

This 10th day of March, 1915.

FRANCES M. OFFUTT,  
Executrix.

## EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that letters testamentary on the estate of Albert Jordan deceased, were granted to the undersigned on the 25th day of February, 1915, by the Probate Court of Lafayette County, Missouri. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the undersigned within six months after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within one year from the date of the last insertion of this publication they will be forever barred.

This 25th day of February, 1915.

MARY JORDAN,  
Executrix.

## GUARDIAN'S NOTICE OF LETTERS.

Notice is hereby given that, the undersigned was on the seventeenth day of February, 1914, appointed guardian of the person and estate of John P. Ardinger, a person of unsound mind, and that letters of guardianship were issued to him by the Probate Court of Lafayette County, Missouri, bearing date February 17th, 1914.

All persons having claims against the estate of the said John P. Ardinger are required to exhibit them for allowance before the Probate Court of said County within one year from the date of the publication of this notice or they shall be forever barred.

HORACE C. ARDINGER,  
Guardian.

## NOTICE OF RESIGNATION.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and other persons interested in the estate of Michael Fitzgerald, deceased, that the undersigned will apply to resign and make final settlement of said estate and be discharged as Executor of said estate at the adjourned February term, 1915, of the Probate Court of Lafayette County, Missouri, to be begun and held on Monday, the fifth day of April, 1915, at the Probate Court room in the City of Lexington, Lafayette County, Missouri.

BENJAMIN F. SUDDATH,  
Executor Estate of Michael Fitzgerald, deceased.

2-19-15

## ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of Ella H. Stump deceased, were granted to the undersigned on the 26th day of January, 1915, by the Probate Court of Lafayette County, Missouri. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the undersigned within six months after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within one year from the date of the last insertion of this publication they will be forever barred.

This 1st day of February, 1915.

L. A. STUMP,  
Administrator.

2-5-15